Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

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PERICLES: "How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?"

PERICLES *Act* V *Scene* I

Booklovers Edition

Pericles

by

William Shakespeare

With Introductions,
Notes, Glossary,
Critical Comments,
and Method of Study

The University Society
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PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Preface.

The Early Editions. *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* was first published, in quarto, in 1609, with the following title-page:—

"THE LATE,| And much admired Play, | Called | Pericles, Prince | of Tyre. | With the true Relation of the whole Historie, | aduentures, and fortunes of the said Prince: | As also, | The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, | in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter | MARIANA. As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on | the Bancksside. By William Shakespeare. | Imprinted at London for *Henry Gosson,* and are | to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in | Paternoster row, &c. | 1609. | " *

A second quarto appeared in the same year; a third in 1611; a fourth in 1619; a fifth in 1630; a sixth in 1635.

These quarto editions are sufficient evidence for the popularity of the play; its omission from the First and Second Folios is all the more significant: it was reprinted, however, from the Sixth Quarto, in the Folios of 1664 and 1685, which included "seven plays never before printed in Folio," viz.: *Pericles, Prince of Tyre; The London Prodigal; The History of Thomas, Lord Cromwell; Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham; The Puritan Widow; A Yorkshire Tragedy; The Tragedy of Locrine.*

* This Quarto and the Second have been reproduced in facsimile in Dr. Furnivall's Quarto-Series.

The Authenticity of the Play. In dealing with the authorship of *Pericles* two facts must be borne in mind:—(i.) the verdict of the Editors of the First Folio in rejecting it from their volume: (ii.) the early allusions and early traditions which associate the play with Shakespeare's name; thus, in 1646, S. Shepherd wrote:—

> *"with Sophocles we may*
> *Compare great Shakespeare: Aristophanes*
> *Never like him his Fancy could display,*
> *Witness the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles."*

The writer of these lines must have been voicing the opinion of many enthusiastic spectators of "the much-admired play"; J. Tatham, however, uttered the views of the more critical faction, when in 1652 he quoted this censure:—

> *"Shakespeare, the Plebeian driller, was*
> *Foundered in's Pericles, and must not pass."*

"*Pericles*" indeed seems to have become almost proverbial for a bad play successful in hitting the tastes of the masses.

> *"And if it prove so happy as to please,*
> *We'll say 'tis fortunate like Pericles";*

so wrote Robert Tailor, in the Prologue to "*The Hog hath lost his Pearl:*"

Ben Jonson in his Ode "*Come leave the loathed stage*" (1629-30), singled out for special scorn

> *"some mouldy tale*
> *Like Pericles";*

while Owen Feltham reminded him frankly that certain portions of his own "*New Inn*"

> *"throw a stain*
> *Through all the unlikely plot, and do displease*
> *As deep as Pericles."*

It must be observed that there is no reference in these latter quotations to Shakespeare's alleged authorship. Subsequently, Dryden accepted the play, while Pope rejected it, and the early editors down to the time of Malone followed his example; since the time of Steevens it has been included in the Canon, its doubtful character, however, being generally recognised. "I must acquit," wrote Steevens in opposition to Malone's views, "even the irregular and lawless Shakespeare of having constructed the fabric of the drama, though he has certainly bestowed some decoration on its parts. Yet even this decoration, like embroidery on a blanket, only serves by contrast to expose the meanness of the original materials." Happily modern criticism corroborates the judgment of the First Editors, condemns a great part of *Pericles* as altogether un-Shakespearian, and relieves the Poet of all the offensive and loathsome scenes of "the mouldy tale." Shakespeare's hand cannot be traced in the first two Acts, nor in the coarse portions of Act IV., viz. Scenes ii., v., and vi., his work is "the strange and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life of Marina," and is to be found in the last three acts of the play. Mr. Fleay has extracted the precious metal from the alloy, and the result is a charming Shakespearian Romance*—"a kind of prologue" to the glorious group of "Romances" belonging to the close of his literary career (*vide* Prefaces to *Cymbeline*, *Tempest*, *Winter's Tale*).

Date of Composition. The date inferred from the connection of the "Marina portion" of *Pericles* with the last plays of Shakespeare is borne out by external evidence, as well as by more minute internal considerations. The title-page of the first edition, the reference to it as "a new play" in a metrical pamphlet entitled *Pimlyco* published in 1609, the publication in 1608 of a novel based upon it "as lately represented," all point to *circa* 1607-8 as the date of Shakespeare's part: this view is strongly con-

* Published by the *New Shakespeare Society*, 1874.

firmed by metrical tests which make it contemporary with "*Antony and Cleopatra.*"

No scholar would now venture to support Dryden's statement in his Prologue to Davenant's *Circe,* 1675:—

> "*Shakespeare's own Muse her Pericles first bore,*
> *The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor;*
> *'Tis miracle to see a first good play;*
> *All Hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.*"

George Wilkins and Pericles. It is possible to differentiate no less than three styles in the play of *Pericles.* Shakespeare's share has already been assigned to him: in all probability Act IV. Sc. v. and vi. are not by the author of the first two Acts and the short line chorus. The author of the latter portion was certainly George Wilkins, who in 1608 brought out a novel, "being the true history of the play, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, John Gower"; he lays claim to the play as 'poor infant of his brain,' and his claim is justifiable (*vide* Delius, *Preface to Pericles,* and especially Mr. Fleay's valuable essay on "Pericles," read before the *New Shakespeare Society,* 1874).

The third author may have been W. Rowley, who was joined with Wilkins and John Day in writing "*The Travels of the three English Brothers,*" etc.; this point is, however, a matter of conjecture, and the evidence is not altogether convincing.

Sources of the Plot. The direct sources of *Pericles* were Laurence Twine's *Patterne of Painful Adventures,* published in 1576, and Gower's collection of metrical tales called "*Confessio Amantis*": both these works were consulted for the famous story of *Apollonius of Tyre.* Gower was indebted for his tale to Godfrey of Viterbo's *Pantheon,* a Latin work of the 12th century; Twine probably reprinted an earlier 16th century version, derived from a French source. The story was among the most widespread stories of the Middle Ages; its original was

probably in Greek; the earliest allusion to the Latin version belongs to the middle of the 8th century. A West-Saxon translation was made in the 11th century (*cp.* Ward's *Catalogue of Romances in the British Museum;* P. Z. Round's *Preface to Quarto Facsimile;* Dunlop's *History of Fiction;* Prof. A. H. Smyth's *Shakespeare's Pericles and Apollonius of Tyre,* etc.).

The name "*Pericles*" in place of "*Apollonius*" may have been derived from Sidney's *Arcadia.*

Duration of Action. The action of the play covers a period of from fifteen to sixteen years, of which fourteen days are represented on the stage: the chief intervals are accounted for in the Choruses:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 2, Act I. Sc. ii., iii. *Interval. Day* 3, Act I. Sc. iv. *Interval, 2nd Chorus. Day* 4, Act II. Sc. i. *Day* 5, Act II. Sc. ii., iii., iv. *Day* 6, Act II. Sc. v. *Interval, 3rd Chorus. Day* 7, Act III. Sc. i. *Day* 8, Act III. Sc. ii. *Interval. Day* 9, Act III. Sc. iii., iv. *Interval,* 14 *years, 4th Chorus. Day* 10, Act IV. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 11, Act IV. Sc. ii., iii. *Interval, 5th Chorus* (Act IV. Sc. iv.). *Day* 12, Act IV. Sc. v., vi. *Interval, 6th Chorus. Day* 13, Act V. Sc. i. *Interval, 7th Chorus* (Act V. Sc. ii.). *Day* 14, Act V. Sc. iii. (*cp.* Daniel's "*Time-Analysis of Shakespeare's Plays*").

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Antiochus, King of Antioch, in order to keep his daughter unmarried, for a shameful purpose, subjects to the penalty of death all her suitors who do not succeed in solving a certain riddle. After many have perished in the endeavour to win the beautiful but wicked princess, Pericles, Prince of Tyre, expounds the riddle, which carries with it the story of Antiochus's sin. To prevent the divulging of the secret, the monarch seeks to have Pericles put to death. The latter flees to his own kingdom, and being unable to make head against Antiochus's wrath, soon continues his flight into other lands. He touches at Tarsus, where his provisioned ships bring relief to that famine-stricken city.

II. Pericles is afterwards driven by a storm on the shore of Pentapolis, and suffers a shipwreck, which he alone survives. Hearing that Simonides, the king of the country, is giving a tournament in honour of his daughter Thaisa, he goes to the court, engages in the exercises and creates so favourable an impression that though he is poor and unknown, the princess chooses him for her husband, and the king ratifies the nuptials.

III. Several months later, word reaches Pericles that his ancient enemy Antiochus is dead; also that his presence is needed to maintain his crown at Tyre. He reveals his identity to his wife and royal father-in-law, and embarks with Thaisa for his own country. A storm arises,

and in the height of its fury Thaisa is delivered of a daughter, who is named Marina because she was born at sea. The mother swoons and is supposed to be dead. The sailors insist that she be speedily cast into the sea in accordance with their superstition that this alone would allay the tempest. She is therefore placed in a box by her grief-stricken husband and consigned to the deep. The box is cast ashore at Ephesus, where those who open it find the lady still alive. Upon recovering strength she becomes a priestess of Diana. Meanwhile Pericles entrusts the infant Marina to Cleon, the governor of Tarsus and his wife, to be reared by them, and then the Prince proceeds on his way to Tyre.

IV. For fourteen years Marina lives with her guardians at Tarsus, developing into a maiden whose beauty and accomplishments overshadow those of their own daughter. Cleon's jealous wife endeavours to have Marina murdered, but she is seized by pirates and conveyed to Mytilene. Here she falls into evil hands, but succeeds in preserving her innocence. In the meantime Pericles visits Tarsus and is given to understand that his daughter is dead.

V. Overcome with sorrow at the loss of both wife and daughter, Pericles sets sail again for Tyre, but is driven before the winds to Mytilene, where Lysimachus, the governor, pays him a visit on shipboard, but finds him unresponsive and listless. To cheer him, the governor sends for Marina, who had become noted for singing and dancing. She is recognized by her delighted father; and the cup of his happiness is filled to the brim when, shortly afterwards, while on a pilgrimage to Diana's shrine at Ephesus, he is reunited to his long-lost wife Thaisa. He gives his daughter's hand to Lysimachus; while the false Cleon and his wife perish at the hands of incensed citizens of Tarsus.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Marina.

Marina, in Shakespeare's hands, is a glorified being, who is scarcely grown up before her charm and rare qualities rouse envy and hatred. We first see her strewing flowers on a grave, and immediately after this we listen to her attempt to disarm the man who has undertaken to murder her. She proves herself as innocent as the Queen Dagmar of the ancient ballad. She "never spake bad word nor did ill turn to any living creature." She never killed a mouse or hurt a fly: once she trod upon a worm against her will and wept for it. No human creature could be cast in gentler mould, and truth and nobility unite with this mildness to shed, as it were, a halo round her.

When, after rebuffing and rejecting her, Pericles has gradually softened towards Marina, he asks her where she was born and who provided the rich raiment she is wearing. She replies that if she were to tell the story of her life none would believe her, and she prefers to remain silent. Pericles urges her:—

> "Prithee, speak:
> Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
> Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
> For the crowned Truth to dwell in; I will believe thee.
> . . . . . .
> Tell thy story;
> If thine considered prove the thousandth part
> Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
> Have suffered like a girl: yet thou dost look
> Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
> Extremity out of act."

All this rich imagery brings Marina before us with the nobility of character which is so fitly expressed in her outward seeming. It is Pericles himself who feels like a buried prince, and it is he who has need of her patient

sympathy, that the violence of his grief may be softened by her smile. It is all very dramatically effective. The old Greek tragedies frequently relied on these scenes of recovery and recognition, and they never failed to produce their effect. The dialogue here is softly subdued, it is no painting in strong burning colours that we are shown, but a delicately blended pastel. In order to gain an insight into Shakespeare's humour at the time *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* were written, the reader was asked to think of a day on which he felt especially well and strong and sensible that all his bodily organs were in a healthy condition—one of those days in which there is a festive feeling in the sunshine, a gentle caress in the air.

To enter into his mood in a similar manner now you would need to recall some day of convalescence, when health is just returning after a long and severe illness. You are still so weak that you shrink from any exertion, and, though no longer ill, you are as yet far from being well; your walk is unsteady, and the grasp of your hand is weak. But the senses are keener than usual, and in little much is seen; one gleam of sunshine in the room has more power to cheer and enliven than a whole landscape bathed in sunshine at another time. The twitter of a bird in the garden, just a few chirps, has more meaning than a whole chorus of nightingales by moonlight at other moments. A single pink in a glass gives as much pleasure as a whole conservatory of exotic plants. You are grateful for a trifle, touched by friendliness, and easily moved to admiration. He who has but just returned to life has an appreciative spirit.

As Shakespeare, with the greater susceptibility of genius, was more keenly alive to the joyousness of youth, so more intensely than others he felt the quiet, half-sad pleasures of convalescence.

Wishing to accentuate the sublime innocence of Marina's nature, he submits it to the grimmest test, and gives it the blackest foil one could well imagine. The gently nurtured girl is sold by pirates to a brothel, and the de-

lineation of the inmates of the house, and Marina's bearing towards them and their customers, occupies the greater part of the fourth act.

As we have already said, we can see no reason why Fleay should reject these scenes as non-Shakespearian. When this critic (whose reputation has suffered by his arbitrariness and inconsistency) does not venture to ascribe them to Wilkins, and yet will not admit them to be Shakespeare's, he is in reality pandering to the narrow-mindedness of the clergyman, who insists that any art which is to be recognised shall only be allowed to overstep the bounds of propriety in a humorously jocose manner. These scenes, so bluntly true to nature in the vile picture they set before us, are limned in just that Caravaggio colouring which distinguished Shakespeare's work during the period which is now about to close. Marina's utterances, the best he has put into her mouth, are animated by a sublimity which recalls Jesus' answers to his persecutors. Finally, the whole *personnel* is exactly that of *Measure for Measure*, whose genuineness no one has ever disputed. There is also an occasional resemblance of situation. Isabella, in her robes of spotless purity, offers precisely the same contrast to the world of pimps and panders who riot through the play that Marina does here to the woman of the brothel and her servants.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Pericles.

Not alone our desires, but somewhat also of our experience, is gratified when justice that is poetic, but not therefore utterly unreal, is fulfilled in the fate of Pericles. His original difficulties spring from his suit to the daughter of Antiochus, a suit unblessed by any better passion than deceptive beauty stimulates, and the politic desire to furnish his realm with an heir. His error, for by the standard

of Shakespeare's moral feeling so it must stand, is recognized soon, but not so as to evade all its consequences; hence his exile and wanderings and vicissitudes; prudence and noble sensibility, and patience when fortune admits no better, help and preserve him, and weariness and melancholy are roused at last to renewed enjoyment of affection and prosperity.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Shakespeare's Share in this Drama.

With all the extraordinary power of single scenes, the "Marina" has not, as it stands, any more than the *Pericles* story as a whole, the dramatic substance, the backbone, of Shakespeare's most "romantic" plots. It is like *The Winter's Tale* divested of the tragedy of Hermione. The most critical moment of Marina's career, that in which she turns the governor of Mytilene from his evil purpose, can hardly have appealed to Shakespeare, with its Spenserian breadth and simplicity, as proper for the central situation of a drama. And the earlier crisis, in which Dionyza plots her death, is treated with a marked subordination of dramatic to epic effect. We are hardly made aware of Dionyza's jealousy, when we find her putting the last touches to the murderer's instructions:—

> Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't:
> 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known (IV. i. 1, 2).

And the raptures of the final reunion are made poignant by no mingling of remorse. Blameless sufferers embrace, but no Leontes, no Alonso, no Iachimo, Posthumus, or Cymbeline looks on. The real criminals are in the conclusion simply ignored. Neither the vengeance which Pericles proposed to inflict, nor the "nobler virtue" of pardon which his later counterparts bestow, gives dramatic significance to their fate: but they fall by a popular

uprising, and this last act of their story is huddled away in an Epilogue. The so-called "Marina" is an assemblage of striking parallels to the Romances, but is not, as a whole, a parallel.

And a great part even of the "Marina" itself is only intermittently of clear Shakespearean quality. It would be rash to say that the Mytilene-scenes in the fourth Act are too repulsive for him to have written: certainly the loathsome figures of Boult and his crew are drawn with a drastic vigour of which there is hardly a trace in the first two acts. But powerful realism of this kind was within the compass of many a Jacobean dramatist, when he could draw direct from the low life of daily experience. It is where his common experience fails him, that the common dramatist betrays himself. Certainly such phenomena as the conversion of Lysimachus and Boult must have been as startling in London as in Ephesus; and it is at this point that the writer of the Mytilene-scenes discloses his psychological ineptitude. We may perhaps recognize Shakespeare in Marina's virginal protest, but its instantaneous effect upon hardened men must be attributed to a hand less subtle or more perfunctory than his. Similarly, the majority of the "choruses" in Acts IV. and V., while differing in measure and in style from those of I. and II., show only here and there a Shakespearean touch. The Gower of I. and II. speaks in rude octosyllabic verse like his own, sprinkled with antique forms. In IV. and V. he archaises no more and cultivates the five-foot measure, the ornate phrase, and the interwoven rhymes of the Elizabethan sonneteer. And the opening "chorus" of Act V., otherwise clumsy enough, contains, in its description of Marina's dainty feminine craft, a little vignette full of Shakespearean flavour.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

What was more natural than that young Shakspeare, in his first dramatic attempts, should have followed the method of the best models of his day, and worked in their

style? In the present case, it was obviously R. Greene's style that he imitated. Like all the plays of this writer, *Pericles* also is not so much a drama as a dramatised narrative; in language, composition, and characterisation, it is thoroughly epic in colouring, and therefore, generally speaking, it is clogged with the same faults as are met with in Greene. And yet Shakspeare surpasses, and doubtless even in his original form, surpassed, his model in many respects. The characters, although wanting in roundness, and more sketches than fully-coloured figures, are nevertheless more powerfully delineated and reveal more of their inner life than those of Greene's best pieces. The composition, also, although externally thoroughly epic, is nevertheless internally held together by the thread of one thought. All the principal parts of the play reflect, either directly or indirectly (by contrast), the same view of life as spent in the search after, and in the acquisition, the loss and the recovery of its highest gift—pure, genuine love. The fault of the play is that it is more epic than dramatic, for which reason the action, in place of being condensed, hangs loosely together and is flat and diffuse. Even the language and versification, in so far as their original colouring can be conjectured, show, I think, some resemblance to R. Greene's style, except that naturally, in this respect also, Greene was probably as much surpassed in his own style by the superior poetical genius of Shakspeare, as Marlowe was surpassed by *Titus Adronicus*, which was composed after his fashion. But, in my opinion, it is more especially the comic parts (for instance, the scenes among the fishermen, and between Boult and his mistress, etc.) that show such great resemblance to passages in *The Comedy of Errors*, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Henry VI.* (Jack Cade, etc.), and *Romeo and Juliet* (the disputes of the servants), that not only do they quite eclipse all the comic parts in Greene's dramas, but must necessarily have been written by Shakspeare, and moreover by Shakspeare as a young, not as an older man.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

The drama as a whole is singularly undramatic. It entirely lacks unity of action, and the prominent figures of the opening scenes quickly drop out of the play. A main part of the story is briefly told in rhymed verse by the presenter, Gower, or is set forth in dumb show. But Shakspere's part is one and indivisible. It opens on shipboard with a tempest, and in Shakspere's later play of storm and wreck he has not attempted to rival the earlier treatment of the subject. "No poetry of shipwreck and the sea," a living poet writes, "has ever equalled the great scene of *Pericles*; no such note of music was ever struck out of the clash and contention of tempestuous elements." Milton, when writing *Lycidas* the elegy upon his drowned friend, remembered this scene, and one line in particular: "And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse." To this rage of storm succeeds the hush of Cerimon's studious chamber, in which the wife of Pericles, tossed ashore by the waves, wakens wonderingly from her trance to the sound of melancholy music. Cerimon, who is master of the secrets of nature, who is liberal in his "learned charity," who held it ever

> "Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
> Than nobleness and riches,"

is like a first study for Prospero. In the fourth act, Marina, so named from her birth at sea, has grown to the age of fourteen years, and is, as it were, a sister of Miranda and Perdita (note in each case the significant name). She, like Perdita, is a child lost by her parents, and, like Perdita, we see her flower-like with her flowers—only these flowers of Marina are not for a merrymaking, but a grave. The melancholy of Pericles is a clear-obscure of sadness, not a gloom of cloudy remorse like that of Leontes. His meeting with his lost Marina is like an anticipation of the scene in which Cymbeline recovers his sons and daughter.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere Primer.*

The play consists of verse scenes, prose scenes, and the Gower chorus. Considering at present only the first of these three parts, we shall find so marked a difference between the first two, and last three, acts, as to render it astonishing that they could ever have been supposed to be the work of one author.

COMPARATIVE TABLE.

	Acts I., II.	Acts III., IV., V.
Total No. of lines	835	827
No. of rhyme lines	195	14
No. of double endings	72	106
No. of Alexandrines	5	13
No. of short lines	71	98
No. of rhymes not dialogue	8	16

The differences in the other items are striking, and of themselves conclusive; but the difference of the numbers of rhymes, the proportion being 14 in the one part to 1 in the other, is such as the most careless critic ought to have long since noticed. With regard to this main question, then, there can be no doubt: the three last acts alone can be Shakespeare's; the other part is by some one of a very different school. But we have minor questions of some interest to settle. The first of these is, Who wrote the scenes in the brothel, Act IV. Sc. ii. v. vi.? I say decidedly, not Shakespeare; for these reasons: These scenes are totally unlike Shakespeare's in feeling on such matters. He would not have indulged in the morbid anatomy of such loathsome characters; he would have covered the ulcerous sores with a film of humour, if it were a necessary part of his moral surgery to treat them at all; and, above all, he would not have married Marina to a man whose acquaintance she had first made in a public brothel, to which *his* motives of resort were not recommendatory, however involuntary *her* sojourn there may have been. A still stronger argument is the omission of any allusion in the after-scenes to these three. In one place, indeed, there seems to be a contradiction of them.

The after-account of Marina, which is amply sufficient without the prose scenes for dramatic purposes, is given thus:—

> "We haue a *maid* in Metiline . . .
> She *with her fellow maides* [is] now upon
> The leauie shelter that abutts against
> The Islands side."—Act V. Sc. i.

I cannot reconcile this with—

> "Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sowe, and dance,
> And [I] will undertake all these to teach."—Act IV. Sc. vi.

nor with—

> "Pupils lacks she none of nobler race,
> Who pour their bounty on her: and her gain
> *She gives the cursed Bawd*."—Act. V., *Gower*.

But if these scenes are not Shakespeare's (and repeated examination only strengthens my conviction that they are not), the clumsy Gower chorus is not his either. And this brings us to the only hypothesis that explains all the difficulties of this play. The usual hypothesis has been that Shakespeare finished a play begun by some one else: that is, that he deliberately chose a story of incest, which, having no tragic horror in it, would have been rejected by Ford or Massinger, and grafted on to this a filthy story, which, being void of humour, would even have been rejected by Fletcher. This arises from the fallacy which I noted in a previous paper, caused by the inveterate habit of beginning criticism from the first pages of a book, instead of from the easiest and most central standpoint. The theory which I propose as certain is this: Shakespeare wrote the story of Marina, in the last three acts, minus the prose scenes and the Gower. This gives a perfect artistic and organic whole, and, in my opinion, ought to be printed as such in every edition of Shakespeare: the whole play, as it stands, might be printed in collections for the curious, and there only. But this story was not

enough for filling the necessary five acts from which Shakespeare never deviated; he therefore left it unfinished, and used the arrangement of much of the latter part in the end of *Winter's Tale*, which should be carefully compared with this play. The unfinished play was put into the hands of another of the "poets" attached to the same theatre, and the greater part of the present play was the result; this poet having used the whole story as given by Gower and elsewhere.

FLEAY: *Shakespeare Manual.*

V.

Construction.

The play is awkwardly and unskilfully constructed, being on the plan of the old legendary drama, when it was thought sufficient to put some popular narrative into action, with little attempt at a condensed and sustained continuous interest in the plot or its personages. It rambles along through the period of two generations, without any attempt at the artist-like management of a similar duration in *The Winter's Tale*, by breaking up the story into parts, and making the one a natural sequel to the other, so as to keep up a uniform continuity of interest throughout both. The story itself is extravagant, and its dénouement is caused by the aid of the heathen mythology, which every mind trained under modern associations and habits of thought feels as repugnant to dramatic truth, and at once refuses to lend to it that transient conventional belief so necessary to any degree of illusion or interest, and so readily given to shadowy superstitions of other kinds, as ghosts, witches, and fairies, more akin to our general opinions, or more familiar to our childhood. A still greater defect than this is one rare indeed in anything from Shakespeare's mind—the vagueness and meagreness of the characters, undistinguished by any of that portrait-like individuality which gives life and reality to the humblest per-

sonages of his scene. Thence, in spite of the excellence of particular parts, there results a general feebleness of effect in the whole. The versification is, in general, singularly halting and uncouth, and the style is sometimes creeping and sometimes extravagant. . . .

Yet, on the other hand, it contains much to please, to surprise, to affect, and to delight. The introduction of old Gower, linking together the broken action by his antiquated legendary narrative, is original and pleasing.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

A play which has such various and frequently shifting scenes as *Pericles* must always be read to a certain degree of disadvantage beyond the fortune of others of less diversified stage accident. These changes furnish a source of fatigue and refreshment to the spectator, which an experienced dramatist knows how to manage and control, and makes the most of by corrections which are lost or go counter in the closet. Even a reader who is also a playgoer finds much difficulty in saving these effects, and they slip from others entirely. Taking, however, as well as one may, the point of view of the parterre, I confess I find much to admire in the skill with which the play of *Pericles* is constructed and put together. Whether we take the outline of the story in the form of argument, or read it in the verses that furnished it to the play-writer, we may be honestly struck with the ingenuity that could group, divide and connect it for dramatic purposes, with the requisite clearness and facility that are successfully attained. The story rambles dispersedly in various countries and by sea and land, and the incidents are of every degree of importance and insignificance; but the stages of the story as enacted are cleverly made to correspond with the relief of the divisions of the acts. Old Gower interposes in each case, like the guard and sign and bound of the compartment, and his narrative both bridges intervals and renders them defined, while the dumb show that he interprets is an intermediate term of the narrated and the enacted.

. . . All through the piece we encounter from time to time reminiscences of other Shakespearian works—reminiscences, or it may be anticipations, but I think most frequently the former.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

The drama before us contains no discrimination of manners (except in the comic dialogues), very few traces of original thought, and is evidently destitute of that intelligence and useful knowledge that pervade even the meanest of Shakespeare's undisputed performances. To speak more plainly, it is neither enriched by the gems that sparkle through the rubbish of *Love's Labour's Lost*, nor the good sense which so often fertilizes the barren fable of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. . . . That the plays of Shakespeare have their inequalities likewise, is sufficiently understood; but they are still the inequalities of Shakespeare. He may occasionally be absurd, but is seldom foolish; he may be censured, but can rarely be despised.

I do not recollect a single plot of Shakespeare's formation (or even adoption from preceding plays or novels) in which the majority of the characters are not so well connected, and so necessary in respect of each other, that they proceed in combination to the end of the story; unless the story (as in the cases of Antigonus and Mercutio) requires the interposition of death. In *Pericles* this continuity is wanting, and even with the aid of Gower the scenes are rather loosely tacked together than closely interwoven. STEEVENS.

Respecting the dramatic merits of *Pericles* there is not much to be said. It is emphatically, not to say exclusively, a play of incidents, with but little of clear and pointed characterization. It has indeed a goodly number of superb strains of poetry; but these for the most part are introduced in such a way as to render it evident that the germs of them were not in the original conception of the

characters: they strike us rather as choice pearls held together mechanically by a string, than as the organic adornings of nature, growing forth from an innate virtue, and so cohering in a common centre or principle of life.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

However wild and extravagant the fable of *Pericles* may appear, if we consider its numerous choruses, its pageantry, and dumb shows, its continual succession of incidents, and the great length of time which they occupy, yet is it, we may venture to assert, the most spirited and pleasing specimen of the nature and fabric of our earliest romantic drama which we possess, and the more valuable, as it is the only one with which Shakspeare has favoured us.

DRAKE: *Shakspeare and his Times.*

Hard is the task, in this discerning age,
To find new subjects that will bear the stage;
And bold our bards, their low harsh strains to bring
Where Avon's swan has long been heard to sing;
Blest parent of our scene! whose matchless wit,
Tho' yearly reap'd, is our best harvest yet.
Well may that genius every heart command,
Who drew all Nature with her own strong hand;
As various, as harmonious, fair and great,
With the same vigour and immortal heat;
As thro' each element and form she shines:
We view heav'n's hand-maid in her Shakespeare's lines.
Though some mean scenes, injurious to his fame,
Have long usurp'd the honour of his name;
To glean and clear from chaff his least remains,
Is just to him, and richly worth our pains,
We dare not charge the whole unequal play
Of Pericles on him; yet let us say,
As gold tho' mix'd with baser metal shines,
So do his bright inimitable lines
Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd stand
And shew he touch'd them with no sparing hand.

G. LILLO: *Prologue to Marina.**

* An adaptation of *Pericles*, 1738.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ANTIOCHUS, *king of Antioch.*
PERICLES, *prince of Tyre.*
HELICANUS, } *two lords of Tyre*
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *king of Pentapolis.*
CLEON, *governor of Tarsus.*
LYSIMACHUS, *governor of Mytilene.*
CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus.*
THALIARD, *a lord of Antioch.*
PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon.*
LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza.*
Marshal.
A Pandar
BOULT, *his servant.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon.*
THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*
MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina.*
A Bawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

SCENE: *Dispersedly in various countries.*

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

ACT FIRST.

Enter Gower.

Before the palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times
When wit 's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like taper-light.
This Antioch then Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria:
I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died, and left a female heir,

So buxom, blithe, and full of face
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die.
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Antioch. A room in the palace.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles and followers.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Emboldened with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;

At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter Antiochus' Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods that made me man and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That without covering, save yon field of stars,

Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life 's but breath, to trust it error.
I 'll make my will then, and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did,
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you. [*To the Princess.*
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice: read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!
Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

He reads the riddle.

'I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:

He 's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.'

[*Aside*] Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he 's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You are a fair viol and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods, to hearken,
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that 's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expired:
Either expound now or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He 's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law 's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! He has found the meaning:
But I will gloze with him.—Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you 're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,

Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard,
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold;

We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.
Ant. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot
From a well experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'
Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit Thal.*] Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Tyre. A room in the palace.

Enter Pericles.

Per. [*To Lords without*] Let none disturb us. Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
And so with me: the great Antiochus,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he 's so great can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He 'll stop the course by which it might be known:
With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who am no more but as the tops of trees
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter Helicanus, with other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading 's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*Kneeling*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise: sit down: thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,

What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he 'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,

Who now reprovest me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now I do see he had some reason for 't: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he 's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes, with other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission left in trust with me
Doth speak sufficiently he 's gone to travel.

Thal. [*Aside*] How! the king gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I 'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. [*Aside*] What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he 'ld correct himself;

So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [*Aside*] Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged now, although I would; but since he 's gone, the king's seas must please: he 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea. I 'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon the Governor of Tarsus, with Dionyza and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are:
Here they 're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I 'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

Dio. I 'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, who but of late earth, sea and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise;

Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where 's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already,

And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome.

Lord. That 's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground 's the lowest, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes and whence he comes
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we 'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love
And harbourage for ourself, our ships and men.
Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
Per. Which welcome we 'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I 'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

DUMB SHOW.

Enter, at one door, Pericles, talking with Cleon; all the train with them. Enter, at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shows the letter to Cleon; gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there 's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below
Make such unquiet that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.

Enter Pericles, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he 'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch!

Sec. Fish. Ha, come and bring away the nets!

First Fish. What, Patchbreech, I say!

Third Fish. What say you, master?

First Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I 'll fetch thee with a wanion.

Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they 're half fish, half flesh: a plague on

them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the 'land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside*] A pretty moral.

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*Aside*] Simonides!

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what 's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here 's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then? 70

Per. I never practised it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here 's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, 80
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid 't! And I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we 'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg. 90

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave! Then I 'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I 'll go draw up the net. [*Exit with Third Fisherman.*

Per. [*Aside*] How well this honest-mirth becomes their labour!

First Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are? 100

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I 'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good Simonides, do you call him?

First Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and 110 I 'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here 's a fish hangs in 120

the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;
And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death':—and pointed to this brace—
'For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—may defend thee.'
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again:
I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now 's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

First Fish. What mean you, sir!

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you 'ld guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune 's better,
I 'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do 'e take it, and the gods give thee good on 't!

Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you 'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe 't, I will.
By your furtherance I am clothed in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea
This jewel holds his building on my arm:
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We 'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I 'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, etc.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

First Lord. They are, my liege,
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat

For men to see and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit 's less.

Sim. It 's fit it should be so; for princes are
A model which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to entertain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I 'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiope reaching at the sun;
The word, ' Lux tua vita mihi.'

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.
[*The Second Knight passes.*
Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that 's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, ' Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.' [*The Third Knight passes.*

Sim. And what 's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, ' Me pompæ provexit apex.'
[*The Fourth Knight passes.*

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that 's turned upside down;
The word, 'Quod me alit, me extinguit.'

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The Fifth Knight passes.*

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that 's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, 'Sic spectanda fides.'

[*The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes.*

Sim. And what 's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that 's only green at top;
The motto, 'In hac spe vivo.'

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we will withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts within, and all cry* 'The mean knight!'

Scene III.

The same. A hall of state: a banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you 're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:
Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.
[*Aside*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat.—Sure he 's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He 's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. [*Aside*] To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. [*Aside*] Yon king 's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son 's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men;
He 's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that 's stored unto the brim,—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace

Sim. Yet pause awhile:
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it to me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

Thai. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.
Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.
[*The Knights dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir,
Here 's a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord.
Sim. O, that 's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy.
[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*
Unclasp, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
[*To Pericles*] But you the best. Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.
Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.
Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

And that 's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

Third Lord. And cursed be he that will not second it.

First Lord. Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince you love.

First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him there;
And be resolved he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give 's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election.

Sec. Lord. Whose death 's indeed the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin—your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;

Whom if you find and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield;
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we 'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Pentapolis. A room in the palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a letter, at one door: the Knights meet him.

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she 'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from her by no means can I get.

Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
Tied her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd, 11
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

Third Knight. Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.
[*Exeunt Knights.*

Sim. So,
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;

I like that well: nay, how absolute she 's in 't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask you one thing: what do you think of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.
Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.
Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. [*Aside*] What 's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he 's honour's enemy.

Sim. No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[*Aside*] I am glad on 't with all my heart.—
I 'll tame you; I 'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*Aside*] who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself.—
Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,
Either be ruled by me, or I 'll make you—
Man and wife:
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too
And being join'd, I 'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, if 't please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep y-slaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,

E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
What 's dumb in show I 'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter: Pericles shows it Simonides; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter Thaisa with child, with Lychorida, a nurse: the King shows her the letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart with Lychorida and their Attendants. Then exeunt Simonides and the rest.

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquire,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles

Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
'Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire—
Which who shall cross?—along to go.
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea: their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grisled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Enter Pericles, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails! Now, Lychorida!

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here 's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,

And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcomé to this world
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That 's your superstition.

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been

still observed; and we are strong in custom.
Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
[*Exit Lychorida.*

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus!
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I 'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:
I 'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.
Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this
Till now, I ne'er endured.
Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There 's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. [*To Philemon*] Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.
[*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow.
Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
First Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend
And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.
Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never. . . .

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

First Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What 's that?

First Serv. Sir,
Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore
This chest: 'tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let 's look upon 't.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed! Did the sea cast it up?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open:
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!

First Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balmed and entreasured
With full bags of spices! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!
[*Reads from a scroll.*
'Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!'
If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanced to-night.

Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.
[*Exit a servant.*
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!
The music there! I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced
Above five hours: see how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold: the diamonds
Of a most praised water do appear
To make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be. [*She moves.*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?

First Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*

Scene III.

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, and Lychorida with Marina in her arms.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect

Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We 'll bring your grace e'en to the edge, o' the shore,
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that 's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there as a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage rite; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be 't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound

By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.

Enter Dionyza with Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death. Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Do not consume your blood with sorrowing:
You have a nurse of me. Lord, how your favour 's
Changed with this unprofitable woe!

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine: the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I 'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father and yourself
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while:
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.
[*Exit Dionyza.*

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.
Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.
Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch. [*He seizes her.*

Enter Pirates.

First Pirate. Hold, villain! [*Leonine runs away.*
Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!
Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part.
Come let 's have her aboard suddenly.
[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*

Re-enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
There 's no hope she will return. I 'll swear she 's dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I 'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.
[*Exit.*

Scene II.

Mytilene. A room in a brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Boult!

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let 's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they 're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I 'll go search the market. [*Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it 's no calling. But her comes Boult.

Re-enter Boult, with the Pirates and Marina.

Boult. [*To Marina*] Come your ways. My masters, you say she 's a virgin?

First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there 's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What 's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well: you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you 're

a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boult's returned.

Re-enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you 'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I 'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you,
will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon!

Dion. I think
You 'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I 'ld give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too:
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I 'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play.'

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,

Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The pretty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,

Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina at Tarsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't;
Making, to take our imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Helicanus goes along; behind
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought:
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter Pericles at one door, with all his train; Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb; whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt Cleon, Dionyza, and the rest.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'ershower'd,
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*

'The fairest, sweet'st and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, and swears she 'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'

No visor does become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.

Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilene. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Mytilene. A street before the brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

First Gent. I 'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

The same. A room in the brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she 's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment and

do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she 'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there 's no way to be rid on 't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [*Exit Boult.*

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter Boult with Marina.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you: leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I 'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [*To Marina*] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she 's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come,

we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways. [*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.*

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How 's this? how 's this? Some more; be sage.
Mar. For me
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,
O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!
Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!
Mar. The good gods preserve you!
Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here 's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter Boult.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.
Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,

Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

Boult. How 's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We 'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what 's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball, saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She 's born to undo us. Will you not go

the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned door-keeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here 's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I 'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there 's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I 'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;

Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.

[*Exit.*

Scene I.

On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them Helicanus.

Tyr. Sail. [*To the Sailor of Mytilene*] Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.
O, here he is.
Sir, there is a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet him fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter from thence, Lysimachus, and Lords; with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [*Pericles discovered*] This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

First Lord. Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maids is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side. [*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus.*

Hel. Sure, all 's effectless; yet nothing we 'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy

Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with Marina, and a young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!—
Is 't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She 's a gallant lady.

Lys. She 's such a one, that, were I well assured
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I 'ld wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery, provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous! [*Marina sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.
Per. Hum, ha!
Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. [*Aside*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'
Per. My fortune—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?
Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.
Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?
Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight,
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak: 120
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st 130
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look

Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends? 140
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I 'll cease.

Per. Nay, I 'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power, 150
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born, 160
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft

Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter 's buried.—Well: where were you bred?
I 'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?
It may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep.

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell

Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees; thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

Per. I
Am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus:
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess. Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,

Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None! 230
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. My lord, I hear.
[*Music.*

Per. Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*

Lys. A pillow for his head:
So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I 'll well remember you. 240
[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

Diana appears to Pericles in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's call,
And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.*
Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee. Helicanus!

Re-enter Helicanus, Lysimachus, and Marina.

Hel. Sir?
Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I 'll tell thee why.
[*To Lysimachus*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
Lys. Sir,
With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.
Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.
Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.
Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Enter Gower before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

What minstrelsy and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilene,
To greet the king. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they 're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies' thankful doom. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The temple of Diana at Ephesus: Thaisa standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter Pericles, with his train; Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore

Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*Faints.*

Per. What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady. O, she 's but overjoy'd.
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring.
[*Shows a ring.*

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to Thaisa.*

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power: that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I 'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We 'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead 's the way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,

Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

[*Exit.*

Glossary.

Absolute, faultless, perfect; Prol. IV. 31.

Account, accounted (Quartos, "*account'd,*" "*accounted*"; Folios 3, 4, "*counted*"); Prol. I. 30.

Address'd, prepared; II. iii. 94.

Afore me, on my word, by my soul; a slight oath; II. i. 84.

Amazement, confusion, bewilderment; I. ii. 26.

Appliance, appliances; III. ii. 86.

Approve, commend; II. i. 55.

Argentine, silver hued; V. i. 251.

As, as if; Prol. I. 24; I. i. 16.

——, that; I. ii. 3.

Attend, await; I. iv. 79.

Attend me, listen to me; I. ii. 70.

Attribute; "an honest a.," reputation for honesty; IV. iii. 18.

Avaunt, out of my sight; IV. vi. 125.

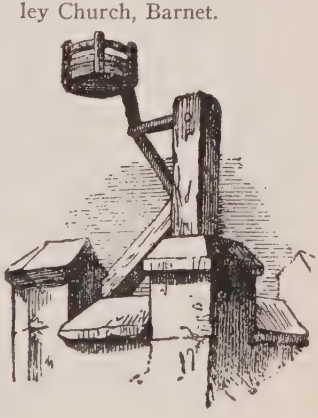
Awful, full of awe; reverent; Prol. II. 4.

Awkward, adverse (Quarto 1, "*augward*"); V. i. 94.

Bases, embroidered skirts hung down from the middle to about the knees or lower,

worn by knights on horseback; II i. 167. (The annexed cut is from the Description of the Tournament held at Stuttgart in 1609.)

Beacon; I. iv. 87. The subjoined cut represents a beacon preserved on the tower of Hadley Church, Barnet.



Beholding, beholden; II. v. 25.
Belching, vomiting; III. i. 63.
Blown, swollen; V. i. 256.
Blurted at, held in contempt; IV. iii. 34.
Bolins, bowlines; III. i. 43.
Bonum quo antiquius, eo melius; i.e. a good thing for being old, the older the better; Prol. I. 10.
Bootless, without gain, profitless; V. i. 33.
Boots, avails, helps; I. ii. 20.
Bots on't, an execration; II. i. 122.
Brace, armour worn on the arm; II. i. 131.
Braid, reproach, upbraid (Malone, "*'braid*"); I. i. 93.
Breathing, exercise; II. iii. 101.
Buxom, lively, fresh; Prol. I. 23.

Can = gan (an old auxiliary form) = did; Prol. III. 36.
Cates, delicacies; II. iii. 29.
Censure, opinion; II. iv. 34.
Chance, chances it; IV. i. 23.
Character, handwriting; III. iv. 3.
Cheapen, bid for; IV. vi. 10.
Chequin, an Italian gold coin (Quarto 1, "*Checkins*"; Quartos 2, 3, "*Chickins*"; Quartos 4, 5, 6, Folio 3, "*Chickeens*"; Folio 4, "*Chickens*"); IV. ii. 28 (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a Venetian specimen of Shakespeare's era.

Chiding, noisy; III. i. 32.
City, inhabitants of the city, citizens; V. iii. 97.
Clear, virtuous; IV. vi. 113.
Clerks, scholars; Prol. V. 5.
Cockles, mussel-shells; IV. iv. 2.
Coigns, corners (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*Crignes*"); Prol. III. 17.
Commend, commendation; II. ii. 49.
Companion; "her mild c.," "the companion of her mildness" (Daniel conj. "*her wild c.*"; "*in her mild company*"); I. i. 18.
Conceit, ability to think; III. i. 16.
Conclusion, (?) problem; I. i. 56.
Conditions, disposition; III. i. 29.
Condolements, blunder for *doles*; II. i. 154.
Confound, waste, consume; V. ii. 14.
Consist, insist; I. iv. 83.
Conversation, conduct; Prol. II. 9.
Convince, overcome, defeat; I. ii. 123.

Copp'd, round-topped; I. i. 100.
Countervail, balance, equal; II. iii. 56.
Countless, infinite; I. i. 31.
Cunning, knowledge, skill; III. ii. 27.
Curious, elegant, nice; I. iv. 43.

Darks, darkens, obscures; Prol. IV. 35.
Date, appointed term of life; III. iv. 14.
Death-like, deadly; I. i. 29.
Deliver, tell, relate; V. iii. 63.
Deliver'd, told, related; V. i. 162.
Dern, secret, dreary; Prol. III. 15.
Desire (trisyllabic); I. i. 20.
Diana's temple; III. iv. 13. (This famous building is well represented in the large brass medallion of Antoninus Pius, here facsimiled.)

Distain, stain (Steevens conj.; Quartos and Folios 3, 4, "*disdaine*"); IV. iii. 31.
Distemperature, disorder; V. i. 27.
Dole, sorrow; Prol. III. 42.
Dooms, judgment; Prol. III. 32.
Doubt, suspect; I. ii. 86.
Doubting, fearing; I. iii. 22.
Dropping, dripping wet; IV. i. 63.
Dumbs, makes dumb; Prol. V. 5.

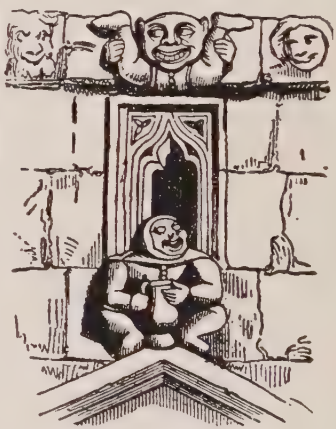
Eaning time, time of delivery; III. iv. 6.
Earnest, money given beforehand; IV. i. 49.
Eche, eke out (Quartos, Folio 3, "*each*"); Prol. III. 13.
Eftsoons, soon, by and by; V. i. 256.
Ember-eves, evenings preceding the ember-days, days of fasting at four seasons of the year; Prol. I. 6.
Entertain, entertainment; I. i. 119.
Entrance (trisyllabic); II. iii. 64.
Erst, erewhile, formerly; I. i. 49.
Escapen, escape; Prol. II. 36.
Exposition, expounding, interpretation; I. i. 112.
Extremity, the extremity of suffering; V. i. 140.
Eyne, eyes; Prol. III. 5.

Fact, deed, (?) crime (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*face*"; Mason conj. "*feat*"); IV. iii. 12.
Fault, misfortune; IV. ii. 75.
Favour, face, appearance; IV. i. 25; V. iii. 13.

Fere, companion, spouse (Quartos, "*Peere*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Peer*"); Prol. I. 21.
Fits, befits; I. i. 157.
Flap-jacks, pancakes; II. i. 87.
Flaw, stormy wind; III. i. 39.
For, fit for; I. i. 7.
——, for fear of; I. i. 40.
——, in place of, instead of; III. i. 62.
——, because; II. iii. 13; V. i. 158; V. iii. 48.
Forbear, bear with; II. iv. 46.
'Fore, before (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*from*"); Prol. III. 6.
For that, because; II. i. 81.
Frame, go, resort; Prol. I. 32.
——, shape, mould; II. v. 81.
Furtherance, help; II. i. 158.

Gat, begat; II. ii. 6.
'Gins, begins; III. ii. 95.
Give him glad, make him glad; Prol. II. 38.
Give's, give us; II. iv. 32.
Glad, gladden; I. iv. 28.
Gloze, make empty words, use deceit; I. i. 110.
Gone through, bid high; IV. ii. 47.
Graff, graft; V. i. 60.
Greets, gratifies; IV. iii. 38.
Griefs, grievances; II. iv. 23.
Grieve, grieve us; II. iv. 19.
Gripe at, grasp at, catch at; I. i. 49.

Haling, dragging (Malone, "*with hauling of the*"); IV. i. 55.
Happily, haply, perhaps; I. iv. 92.
Hatched, closed with a half door; IV. ii. 35.
Having, possession; II. i. 143.
Heap, mass, body (Jackson conj. "*head*"; Collier [ed. 2], "*head*"; Bailey conj. "*shape*"); I. i. 33.
Hie thee, hasten; III. i. 69.
Hies, hastens; Prol. V. 20.
Hight, is called; Prol. IV. 18.
Holy-ales, rural festivals on saints' days; (?) church-ales, or wakes (Steevens' emendation; Quartos and Folios, "*holy-dayes*"); Prol. I. 6. (The annexed cut is a unique representation of one of these ancient popular festivals.)



From a XIVth century sculpture over the porch of Chalk Church, near Gravesend.

Honour, honourable office; II. ii. 14.

Husbandry, economy of time; (?) attention to business; III. ii. 20.

In, even in; I. iv. 102.
Inflict, afflict; V. i. 61.
In hac spe vivo, in this hope I live; II. ii. 44. (This device is supposed by Douce to be altered from the one here copied from Paradin.)

Inkle, a kind of tape; here probably some kind of embroidery silk; Prol. V. 8.
Intend, bend, direct; I. ii. 116.
Intends, intentions; V. i. 259.
I-wis, truly, certainly; Prol. II. 2.

Jetted, stalked, strutted; I. iv. 26.
Joy, rejoice; II. i. 163.
Just, joust, tilt; II. i. 113.

Killen, kill; Prol. II. 20.

Late, lately; IV. iv. 15.
Level, aim; II. iii. 114.
Level at, aim at; I. i. 165.
Lien, lain; III. ii. 85.
Light, alighted, fallen; IV. ii. 73.
Like, equal, the same; I. i. 108; IV. v. 1.
——, just as; II. iv. 36.
——, likely; III. i. 17; IV. i. 80.
Longs, belongs to (Singer, "*longs*"; Quartos, "*long's*"; Folios 3, 4, "*long's*"); Prol. II. 40.
Looks, faces, countenances (alluding to the heads of suitors which were set up at the gate to terrify others who might come); Prol. I. 40.
Lop, cut off; I. ii. 90.
Loud music, made by clashing of armour; II. iii. 97.
Lown, base fellow; IV. vi. 19.
Lux tua vita mihi, thy light is life to me; II. ii. 21.

Malkin, slattern (Quarto 3, "*Mowkin*"; the rest, "*Mawkin*"; the old pronunciation); IV. iii. 34.
Manage, training; usually used of a horse; IV. vi. 69.
Mask'd, concealing as with a mask its cruel nature (Dyce conj. "*vast*"; S. Walker conj. "*moist*"; Kinnear conj. "*mighty*"; Elze conj. "*calmest*"); III. iii. 36.

Me pompæ provexit apex, "the desire of renown drew me to this enterprise" (Wilkins' Novel); II. ii. 30. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From "The Heroicall Devises of M. Claudius Paradin," 1591.

Mis-dread, fear of evil; I. ii. 12.
Moons, months; Prol. III. 31.
Mortal, fatal; III. ii. 110.
Mortally, in the manner of mortals; V. i. 105.
Motion, a working pulse (Pericles' exclamation after he has felt Marina's pulse); Steevens, "*no motion?*" *i.e.* "Are you not a puppet?" V. i. 156.
Must, must come to (Wray conj. "*must be*"); I. i. 44.

Ne, nor; Prol. II. 36.
Needle (pronounced *neeld*); Prol. IV. 23.
Neglection, neglect; III. iii. 20.
Nicely scrupulously; IV. i. 6.
Nill, will not; Prol. III. 55.
Not, not only; III. ii. 46.
Nousle, nurse; I. iv. 42.

Of, (?) on (Folios, "*on*"); Prol. V. 22.
Old, of old, long ago; Prol. I. i.
On, of; II. i. 7; II. i. 36; III. iii. 20.
Open, disclose, reveal; I. ii. 87; IV. iii. 23.
Opinion, public opinion; II. ii. 56.
Oppress, suppress; Prol. III. 29.
Orbs, spheres; I. ii. 122.
Ostent, ostentation, display (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*stint*"); I. ii. 25.
Owe, own; V. i. 118.

Parted, departed from; V. iii. 38.
Partakes, communicates; I. i. 152.
Passion, grief; IV. iv. 24.
Perch, measure, mile (according to some = "resting-place"); Prol. III. 15.
Perishen, perish; Prol. II. 35.
Piece, masterpiece; IV. vi. 118.
Pilch = leathern coat (used as a proper name); II. i. 12.
Piu por dulzura que por fuerza, more by gentleness than by force (the Italian "*piu*" is used instead of the Spanish "*mas*"); II. ii. 27.
Plain, make plain; Prol. III. 14.
Porpus, porpoise (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*Porpas*"); II. i. 26.

Portly, imposing; I. iv. 61.
Pregnant, prompt, ready; Prol. IV. 44.

From Daniel's *Translation of Paulus Jovius,* 1585.

Present, "his p.," that which he presents; II. ii. 42.
——, instant, immediate; Prol. IV. 38; V. i. 193.
Presently, immediately; III. i. 82.
Prest, prompt, ready; Prol. IV. 45.
Principals, corner-posts; III. ii. 16.
Proportion, portion, fortune; IV. ii. 28.
Prorogue, draw out, linger out; V. i. 26.
Purchase, gain, profit (Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, "*purpose*"); Prol. I. 9.

Quaintly, skilfully; Prol. III. 13.
Quick, invigorating; IV. i. 28.
Quirks, caprices; IV. vi. 8.
Quit, requite; III. i. 35.
Quod me alit, me extinguit, that which gives me life, gives me death; II. ii. 33. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Rapture, violent effort (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*rupture*"); II. i. 159.
Records, sings; Prol. IV. 27.
Reft, bereft; II. iii. 84.
Repeated, mentioned, told; I. i. 96.
Resist me, are distasteful to me; II. iii. 29.
Resolve, solve; I. i. 71.
——, satisfy; II. v. 68.
——, tell inform; V. i. 1; V. iii. 61.
Resolved, satisfied, convinced; II. iv. 31.
Return them, announce to them; II. ii. 4.
Ruff; IV. ii. 111. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a Spanish portrait of the date 1503.

'Say'd assayed, those who have assayed; I. i. 59, 60.
Semblance (trisyllabic); I. iv. 71.
Shall's, shall we; IV. v. 7.
Shine, brightness; I. ii. 124.
Shipman, seaman; I. iii. 24.
Shores, sewers; IV. vi. 186.
Sic spectanda fides, thus faith is to be tested; II. ii. 38. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From "The Heroicall Devises of M. Claudius Paradin . . . ," 1591.

Sleided, raw, untwisted (Quartos, Folio 3, "*sleded*"; Folio 4, "*sledded*"); Prol. IV. 21.
Smooth, flatter; I. ii. 78.
So, well and good; IV. ii. 46.
Sometime, once; II. i. 141.
Sometimes, formerly, sometime; I. i. 34.
Somewhat, something; II. i. 126.
Speeding, succeeding; II. iii. 116.
Speken, speak; Prol. II. 12.
Standing-bowl, a bowl resting on a foot; II. iii. 65.
Stay, await; II. ii. 3.
Stead, aid, help; Prol. III. 21; Prol. IV. 41.
Still, continually, always; Prol. I. 36.
Straight, immediately; III. i. 54.
Strain, race; IV. iii. 24.
Suddenly, quickly; III. i. 70.
——, at once, immediately; IV. i. 96.

Take, betake; III. iv. 10.
Tellus, the earth; IV. i. 14.
That, if; Prol. I. 13.
——, so that; Prol. V. 7.
Thetis, the sea goddess; IV. iv. 39.
Thorough, through; IV. iii. 35.
Thoughten, thinking; IV. vi. 115.
Throng'd up, pressed, numbed; II. i. 77.
Throng'd, pressed, crushed; I. i. 101.
Thwarting, crossing; IV. iv. 10.
Tire, furniture, bed-furniture (?) = comfortably and richly furnished bed; III. ii. 22.
To, compared to; II. iii. 36.
To-bless, bless (*to,* used intensively); IV. vi. 23.
Tourney, hold a tournament; II. i. 114.
Triumph, tournament; II. ii. 1.

Unscissar'd, uncut, untouched by the scissors; III. iii. 29.
Unto, according to, in comparison to; II. i. 161.

Vail, lower; II. iii. 42.
——, do homage; Prol. IV. 29.
Vails, perquisites received by servants; II. i. 155.
Vegetives, vegetables, plants; III. ii. 36.
Viol, vial, phial (Quartos 4, 5, 6; Folios 3, 4, *"viall"*); III. ii. 90.
Visor, mask; IV. iv. 44.

Wages, equals, weighs; IV. ii. 32.
Wanion; "with a w." = "with a curse on you," "with a vengeance" (probably ultimately derived from the phrase *"in the waniand," i.e.* "in the waning moon," *i.e.* at an unlucky time, hence = with ill-luck); II. i. 17.
Weed, garment, robe; IV. i. 14.
Well-a-day, grief, woe; IV. iv. 49.
Well-a-near, alas! well-a-day; Prol. III. 51.
Well, said, well done; III. ii. 87.
Where, whereas; I. i. 127; II. iii. 43.
Whereas, where; I. iv. 70.
Whipstock, the handle of a whip; II. ii. 51.
Who, he who; I. i. 94.
Wight, man; Prol. I. 39.
Wit, know; IV. iv. 31.
With, by; I. i. 4; II. i. 68, 69.
Word, motto; II. ii. 21.
Would; "I w.," I wish; III. i. 42.
Writ, holy writ, gospel (Quartos 2, 3, *"write"*; Steevens conj. *"wit"*; Nicholson conj. *"Writ"*); Prol. II. 12.

Younger, past, ago; I. iv. 39.
Y-slaked, sunk to repose; Prol. III. 1.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 24. *'boundless'*; Rowe's emendation of Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'bondlesse.'*

I. i. 29. *'death-like dragons here affright'*; Daniel conj. *'death, like dragons, here affrights'*; S. Walker conj. *'affront'*; Hudson conj. *'affronts.'*

I. i. 55-57. The arrangement of the text, confused in Quartos and Folios, was first made by Malone.

I. i. 59, 60. *'Of all 'say'd yet'*; Mason conj. *'In all, save that'*; Mitford conj. *'O false! and yet.'*

I. i. 113. *'cancel of'*; Malone's emendation: Folios 3, 4, *'cancel off'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, *'counsell of'*; Quarto 5, *'counsel of.'*

I. i. 128. *'untimely'*; Wilkins, in the Novel, writes *'uncomely,'* which may, perhaps, give the correct reading of the line.

I. i. 135. *'blush,' i.e. 'who blush'*; the omission of the pronoun, personal or relative, is characteristic of the non-Shakespearian portions of the play.

I. ii. 1. *'change of thoughts,' i.e.* perturbation of thought; Steevens conj. *'charge of thoughts?'*; Mason conj. *'change of thoughts?'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'charge our thoughts?'*; Staunton conj. *'change our thoughts?'*; Bailey conj. *'child of thought'*; Daniel conj. *'cast of thought.'*

I. ii. 3. *'Be my so used a guest as'*; Dyce's emendation: Quarto 1, *'By me so vsde a guest, as'*; Malone (1780), *'By me's so us'd a guest, as'*; Jackson conj. *'Be by me so us'd a guest?'*.

I. ii. 8. *'arm'*; so Folio 4; Dyce reads *'aim.'*

I. ii. 30. *'Who am'*; Farmer conj.; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'Who once'*; Malone (1780), *'Who owe'*; (1790), *'Who wants.'*

I. ii. 41. *'blast'*; Mason conj. Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'spark'*; Malone (1790), *'breath'*; Steevens conj. *'wind.'*

I. ii. 55. *'plants'*; so Quarto 1; Malone's emendation of Quartos and Folios, *'planets.'*

I. ii. 86. *'doubt it'*; Steevens conj.; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'doo't'*; Quartos 4, 5, 6, and Folios, *'thinke.'*

I. ii. 93. *'spares'*; so Quarto 1; Quartos 2-6, and Folios 3, 4, *'feares'* and *'fears.'*

I. ii. 95. *'reprovest'*; Malone, *'reprov'st*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'reprou'dst'*; Quartos 4, 5, 6, *'reprouedst'*; Folios 3, 4, *'reproved'st.'*

I. iii. 4-7. *Cp.* "I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who, being demanded by King Lisimachus what favour he might do unto him, for that he loved him, made him answer to the king, that your Majesty would never impart unto me any of your secrets."—Barnabie Riche's *Soldier's Wish to Britain's Welfare.*

I. iii. 27-28. *'but since he's gone, the king's seas must please'*; Mason conj *'But since he is gone, the king, seas must please'*; Percy conj. *'But since he's gone, the king it sure must please'*; Collier (ed. 2), *'But since he is gone the king's ease must please'*; Perring conj. *'But since he's gone, the king this news must please'*; Dyce conj. *'But since he's gone the king's ears it must please.'*

I. iv. 8. *'mischief's eyes'*; Steevens, *'mistful eyes'*; Anon. conj. (1814), *'mischief-size'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'mistie eyes'*; S. Walker conj. *'misery's eyes'*; Kinnear conj. *'weakness' eyes'*; Mr. T. Tyler's suggestion, *'not seen with mischief's eyes,' i.e.* 'not seen with the eyes of despair,' seems to be the most ingenious correction of the line, if any change is necessary.

I. iv. 13-14. *'Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep Our woes'*; Hudson reads, *'Our tongues do sound our sorrows and deep woes.'*

——; *'sorrows do'*: Cartwright conj. *'sobbings do'*; Bailey conj. *'bosoms too'*; Anon. conj. *'sorrowing bosoms do.'*

I. iv. 15. *'tongues'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'toungs'*; Steevens conj. *'lungs.'*

I. iv. 39. *'yet two summers younger'*; Mason conj.; Quarto 1, *'yet two sauers younger'*; Folios 3, 4, *'yet to savers younger.'*

I. iv. 69. *'of unhappy me'*; Malone (1780), *'of unhappy men'*; Steevens conj. *'of unhappy we'*; Jackson conj. *'O unhappy me.'*

I. iv. 74. *'him's' i.e. 'him who is'*; Malone's reading; Quarto 1, *'himnes'*; Quartos 2, 3, Folio 3, *'hymnes'*; Quartos 4, 5, *'hymmes'*; Quarto 6, *'hywmes'*; Folio 4, *'hymns'*; Steevens conj. *'him who is.'*

Prol. II. 19. *'for though'*; Steevens, *'forth'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'for thy'*; Nicholson conj. *'for-though'*; Kinnear conj. *'for through.'*

Prol. II. 22. *'Sends word'*; Steevens conj.: Quartos 1-5 read *'Sau'd one'*; Quarto 6, Folios 3, 4, *'Sav'd one.'*

II. i. 52. *'finny'*; Steevens conj. (from Wilkins' novel); Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'fenny.'*

II. i. 58. *'search'*; Steevens conj. *'scratch it'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'scratch't'*; Staunton, *'scratch'*; Anon. conj. *'steal it'*; Hudson, *'steal't.'*

II. i. 60. *'May see the sea hath cast upon your coast'*; so Quartos; Folios 3, 4, *'Y' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast'*; Malone (1780), *'You may see the sea hath cast me on your coast'*; Steevens, adopted by Malone (1790), *'Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—.'*

II. ii. 14. *'entertain'*; Steevens conj. *'explain'*; Anon. conj. *'entreat'*; Anon. conj. *'emblazon'*; Schmidt conj. *'interpret.'*

II. iii. 19. *'Marshal'*; Malone's emendation; Quartos, Folio 3, *'Martiall'*; Folio 4, *'Martial.'*

II. iii. 29. *'resist'*; Collier conj. *'distaste.'*

——; *'he not'*; so Quartos 2-6, Folios 3, 4; Malone, *'she not'*; Malone conj. *'he now'*; Steevens conj. *'be not'*; Mason conj. *'she but'*; Dyce conj. *'he but.'*

II. iii. 50. *'stored'*; Steevens conj.; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, *'stur'd'*; Folios 3, 4, *'stirr'd'*; Mason conj. *'stow'd.'*

II. iii. 63. *'kill'd are wonder'd at'*; Daniel, *'still ne'er wondered at'*; Anon. conj. *'kill'd are scorned at'*; Kinnear, *'little are wonder'd at.'*

II. iv. 41. *'For honour's cause'*; Dyce's reading; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'Try honours cause'*; Steevens conj. *'Try honour's course'*; Jackson conj. *'Cry, honour's cause!'*; Anon. conj. *'By honour's cause.'*

Prol. III. 35. *'Y-ravished'*; Steevens conj.; Quarto 1, *'Iranyshed'*; Quarto 2, *'Irany shed'*; the rest, *'Irony shed.'*

III. i. 7-8. *'Thou stormest venomously; Wilt'*; Dyce's reading; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'then storme venomously, Wilt'*; Malone, *'Thou storm, venomously, Wilt'*; Steevens, *'Thou, storm, thou! venomously Wilt'*; Collier, *'Thou storm, venomously Wilt.'*

III. i. 14. *'travails'*; Folio 3, *'travels'*; Dyce, *'travail.'*

III. i. 26. *'Use honour with you'*; Steevens reads, *'Vie honour with yourselves'*; Mason conj. *'Vie honour with you.'*

III. i. 63. *'aye-remaining lamps'*; Malone's conj.; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'ayre remayning lampes'*; Quartos 4, 5, 6, *'ayre remaining lampes'*; Folio 3, *'ayre remaining lamps'*; Folio 4, *'air remaining lamps'*; Jackson conj. *'area-manesing,'* etc.

III. ii. 17. *'all-to topple'*; Singer (ed 2), *'al-to topple'*; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'all to topple'*; Dyce, *'all to-topple.'*

III. ii. 22. *'Rich tire'*; Steevens conj. *'Such towers'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'Rich tire'*; the rest, *'Rich attire'*; Jackson conj. *'Rich Tyre'*; Collier (ed. 2), *'Rich 'tire.'*

III. ii. 41. *'treasure'*; Steevens' emendation for *'pleasures'* and *'pleasure'* of Quartos, Folios 3, 4.

III. ii. 42. *'to please the fool and death.' Cp.* the accompanying initial from Stowe's Survey of London (1618.) Steevens explained the words as an allusion to an old print exhibiting *Death* in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* standing behind, and grinning at the process.

III. ii. 48. *'time shall never . . . '* so Quartos 1, 2, 3; Quartos 4, 5, 6, Folios 3, 4, *'neuer shall decay'*; Malone, *'time shall never—'*; Dyce, *'time shall never raze'*; Staunton, *'time shall ne'er decay'*; Anon. conj. *'time shall never end.'*

III. iii. 7. *'wanderingly'*; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'wondringly'*; Schmidt conj. *'woundingly.'*

III. iii. 29. *'Unscissar'd shall this hair'*; Steevens' emendation; Quartos 1-4, *'vnsisterd . . . heyre'*; Quarto 5, *'unsisterd shall his heyres'*; Quarto 6, *'unsisterd . . . heire'*; Folios 3, 4, *'unsister'd . . . heir.'*

III. iii. 30. *'show ill'*; Quartos and Folios read *'show will'*; the correction was made independently by Malone and Dyce; this and the previous emendations are confirmed by the corresponding passage in the Novel.

Prol. IV. 17. *'marriage rite'*; Collier's reading; Percy conj. *'marriage rites'*; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'marriage sight'*; Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, *'marriage fight'*; Steevens conj. *'marriage night.'*

Prol. IV. 26. *'night-bird'*; Malone's emendation of Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'night bed.'*

IV. i. 5. *'inflaming love i' thy bosom'*; Knight's emendation of Quarto 1, *'in flaming, thy loue bosome,'* etc.

IV. i. 11. '*only mistress' death*'; Malone (1790), '*old mistress' death*'; Percy conj. '*old nurse's death,*' etc., etc.

IV. i. 64. '*stem to stern*'; Malone's emendation; Quartos, '*sterne to sterne*'; Folios 3, 4, '*stern to stern.*'

IV. i. 97. '*the great pirate Valdes*'; "perhaps there is here a scornful allusion to Don Pedro de Valdes, a Spanish admiral taken by Drake in 1588" (Malone).

IV. iii. 17. '*pious*'; Mason conj., and Wilkins' novel, adopted by Collier; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*impious*'; the rest omit the word.

IV. iii. 47-48. '*dost, with thine angel's face. Seize*': Malone conj. '*dost wear thine angel's face; Seize*': Steevens, '*doth wear an angel's face, Seize*'; Hudson (1881), '*doth use an angel's face, Then seize.*'

IV. iii. 48. '*talons*'; Rowe's emendation of Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*talents.*'

IV. iv. 13-16. The arrangement of the lines is according to Hudson's edition (1881).

IV. iv. 18. '*his pilot thought*'; Steevens conj. '*his pilot wrought*'; Mason conj. '*this pilot-thought*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*this Pilat thought*'; the rest, '*this Pilate thought.*'

IV. iv. 48. '*scene must play*'; Malone's emendation (1790); Quartos, Folios 3, 4 read '*Steare must play*'; Steevens conj., adopted by Malone (1780), '*tears must play*'; Malone conj. '*stage must play*'; Steevens, '*scenes display.*'

V. i. 47. '*deafen'd*'; Malone's emendation; Quarto 1, '*defend*'; the rest, '*defended.*'

V. i. 72. '*prosperous and artificial feat*'; *i.e.* '*gracefully and skilfully performed*'; Mason conj. '*prosperous artifice and fate*'; Steevens, '*prosperous-artificial feat.*'

——; '*feat*'; Percy conj., adopted by Steevens; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*fate.*'

V. i. 209-210. The passage is so corrupt that the Cambridge editors found themselves obliged to leave it as it stands in the Quartos and Folios.

V. i. 235. '*nips*'; Collier conj. '*raps.*'

V. i. 247. '*life*'; Charlemont conj., adopted by Malone; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*like.*'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

"Gower," says Lloyd, "was a contemporary of Chaucer, and in one respect at least fully worthy to be so. His strong point is his versification; in the composition we are concerned with at least, we find none of Chaucer's sympathy with external nature, none of his sense of the humorous, and little of his diversified natural passion; the proper poetic vein of Gower, it must be said, is dry, and in default of this it is not much to say for his reputation as a poet, that he could adhere to and pursue a story with more conscientiousness than Chaucer in his idle moments compelled himself to; and he has the merit, not slight in itself, though one capable of large enhancement by addition of gifts that Gower had not, of a correct ear and happy power in guiding with tightened rein the paces that may be even stately, but that may so easily degenerate into the shambling of the rhymed verse of eight syllables. Hence came the inspiration of the spirited numbers in which the lines run that are assigned to Gower as chorus, and this circumstance alone gives importance to *Pericles* in the history of English literature, for it is impossible to read them without perceiving that from this intermediate basin Milton drew the sweet waters of Gower's early English rhythm, as those of Chaucer from *Midsummer-Night's Dream*; that hence it was he caught some of those tones that complete the perfection of what I must call unaffectedly his most perfect poems—poems that are as entirely satisfactory as the art of Shakespeare and the Greeks, however subordinate in scope, the Allegro and Penseroso."

40. Referring to the heads of the unsuccessful suitors set up over the palace gate, which is supposed to be in the sight of the audience. So in Gower's poem:—

"And in this wise his lawe taxeth,
That what man that his daughter axeth,
But if he couthe his question
Assoile upon suggestion
Of certein thinges that befelle,
The which he wold unto him telle
He shuld in certein lese his hede.
And thus there were many dede
Her hedes stonding on the gate
Till ate laste, long and late,
For lack of answere in this wise,
The remenaunt, that weren wise,
Escheweden to make assaie."

Scene I.

1. It does not appear that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince*, therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand prince *regnant*. In the *Gesta Romanorum* Apollonius is *king* of Tyre; in Twine's translation he is repeatedly called *prince of Tyrus*, as he is in Gower.

8, 9. The words *whose* and *her* refer to the daughter of Antiochus. *Lucina* was the goddess who presided over childbirth; therefore *till Lucina reign'd* means till the time of birth.

9-11. *Nature this dowry gave . . . perfections*:—The dowry given was, *that* the senate-house of planets *should* sit, etc. Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*, viii. 511:—

"All heaven,
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence."

13, 14. *Graces her subjects*, etc.:—"The Graces are her subjects, and her thoughts the sovereign of every virtue *that* gives renown to men."

18. By *her mild companion* is meant "the companion of her mildness." Hudson (Harvard ed.), adopting the conjecture of Daniel, reads "in her mild company."

27. *Hesperides* is here put for the garden in which the golden apples were kept. So also in *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 340: "Climbing trees in the *Hesperides*."

43, 44. *to prepare*, etc.:—That is, "to prepare this body for that state to which I must *come*."

62, 63. *Nor ask advice*, etc.:—So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "*Asking advice of no other thought but faithfulnesse and courage*, he presently lighted from his own horse."

72. *Sharp physic is the last*:—That is, the intimation in the last line of the riddle, that his life depends on resolving it.

79, 80. He is no *perfect* or *honest* man, that, knowing, etc.

87. *touch not*:—This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves.

96-100. *For vice repeated . . . hurt them*:—"The man who knows the ill practices of princes is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes. When the blast is over, the eyes that have been affected by the dust, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the future the air that would annoy them."

101. *Copp'd hills* are hills rising in a conical form, something of the shape of a sugar-loaf. Thus in Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519: "Sometime men wear *copped* caps like a sugar loaf." So Baret: "To make *copped*, or sharpe at top; cacumino."

102. *poor worm*:—The mole is so called in the way of commiseration. In *The Tempest*, III. i. 31, Prospero, speaking to Miranda, says, "*Poor worm*, thou art infected!" The mole remains secure till it has thrown up those hillocks which betray his course to the mole-catcher.

134-136. *for wisdom sees*, etc.:—The expression here is elliptical: "For wisdom sees *that* those men *who* do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night will not shun any course to keep them from being known."

Scene II.

1. *change of thoughts*:—Mason interprets this as meaning "that change in the disposition of his mind—that unusual propensity to melancholy and cares, which he afterwards describes, and which made his body pine and his soul to languish." Malone's reading, *charge*, has been followed by Dyce, Knight, and Hudson (Harvard ed.), the last-named remarking that the word is here used for *burden* or *weight*.

44. *Signior Sooth*:—A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *The Winter's Tale*, I. ii. 196: "Sir Smile, his neighbour."

62. *let their ears hear their faults hid*:—Suffer their ears to hear their failings palliated.

74. *arms to princes*, etc.:—Such as bring additional strength to princes and joy to their subjects.

Scene III.

25. *life or death*:—Rolfe thinks the writer meant "that *life or death* was the question *each minute*." Hudson (Harvard ed.), following Daniel's conjecture, reads "life with death."

36. *desire it*:—Malone would have added "told." Walker conjectured "inquire it"; and Hudson (Harvard ed.) reads "inquire of it."

Scene IV.

Delius having asserted that in this Scene Cleon, in a senseless manner, tells his wife of things which she knows as well as he does himself, Ulrici remarks that "Cleon does not 'tell' her of the famine; he and Dionyza are merely talking about their sad position, about the terribly rapid change between overflowing abundance and abject poverty, and are grieving over the misery which has suddenly come upon them."

42. *nousle*:—This old word for *nurse* was much used by old writers. So Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. vi. 23:—

> "Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
> He *nousled* up in life and maners wilde."

93, 94. *Are like*, etc.:—That is, are like the Trojan horse, *which* was stuffed with bloody veins, *i.e.* living men. Some editions change *was stuff'd* into *war-stuff'd*, and *veins* into *views*.

ACT SECOND.

9-12. *The good*, etc.:—That is, the good prince (on whom I bestow my blessing) is still at Tarsus, where every man pays as much respect to all he can speak, as if it were holy writ.

13, 14. *And, to remember*, etc.:—This circumstance is found in the *Confessio Amantis*:—

"That thei *for ever in remembrance*
Made a figure in resemblance
Of hym, and in comonne place
Thei set it upp; so that his face
Miht every maner man byholde:
It was of latonn over gylte."

40. "Pardon old Gower from telling what ensues: it belongs to the text, not to his part as chorus."

Scene I.

25-27. *saw the porpus*, etc.:—Sailors have long held the notion that the playing of porpoises round a ship is a certain prognostic of a violent gale of wind.

35 *et seq.* Brandes observes that "the scene between the three fishermen, with which the second Act opens, owns some turns which speak of Shakespeare, especially where a fisherman says that the avaricious rich are the whales 'o' the land, who never leave gaping till they 've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all,' and another replies, 'But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.'"

64, 65. *In that vast tennis-court*, etc.:—So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "In such a shadow mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare, and are, *like tenis bals, tossed by the racket of the higher powers*."

117, 118. *O, sir, things*, etc.:—"Things must be as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right to attempt." The rest of the passage seems meaningless, and is probably mutilated.

122. *bots on 't*:—This comic execration was formerly used instead of one less decent. *Bots* is a disease in horses.

Scene II.

4. *Return them*:—That is, return them word that we are ready.

56, 57. *scan the outward habit*, etc.:—Scan the inward man by the outward habit. Such inversions are not uncommon in old writers.

Scene III.

29. *These cates resist me*:—"These delicacies go against my stomach."

63. *are wonder'd at*:—When kings, like insects, lie dead before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both instances the powers of creating bustle were superior to those which either object should seem to have promised.

Scene IV.

7. *When he was seated in a chariot*:—"A grossly corrupted passage," says White, "though intelligible."

34. *the strongest in our censure*:—That is, according to Steevens, "the most probable in our opinion."

Scene V.

2 *et seq.* "The expedient here devised by Simonides for having the suitors 'well despatch'd' is indeed," says Clarke, "not very consonant with the dignity of truth; but it is quite characteristic of the waggish tendency to stratagem shown by the royal old gentleman, in proceeding to 'dissemble' his satisfaction at his daughter's choice, and to play off a pretended anger at the lovers' mutual affection, that he may keep them in a flutter of suspense until he choose to join their hands and bid them wed at once as the penalty of their transgression, in daring to fall in love without his leave. Steevens solemnly demurs to this conduct of Simonides; yet, though it may not be 'ingenuous,' it is perfectly in character—diplomatically as well as dramatically."

93. From this line Steevens omits *and*. At this place he has the following observations: "I cannot dismiss the foregoing Scene till I have expressed the most supreme contempt of it. Such another gross, nonsensical dialogue would be sought for in vain among the earliest and rudest efforts of the British theatre. It is impossible not to wish that the knights had horsewhipped Simonides, and that Pericles had kicked him off the stage."

ACT THIRD.

In the stage direction for the Dumb Show the lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is King of Tyre. By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of

Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.

59, 60. It is clear from these lines that when the play was originally performed no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship.

Scene I.

"The diction throughout the present scene," in Clarke's opinion, "is veritably Shakespearian. It has that majesty of unrestrained force which distinguishes his finest descriptive passages, and that dignity of expression, combined with the most simple and natural pathos, which characterizes his passages of deepest passion. After the comparative stiffness traceable in the phraseology of the previous scenes, and after the cramped and antiquated chant-speeches of Gower, this opening of the third Act always comes upon us with the effect of a grand strain of music —the music of the great master himself—with its rightly touched discords and its nobly exalted soul-sufficing harmonies." And Hudson (Harvard ed.) exclaims: "After the dull and dreary scenes that precede, how refreshing it is at last to strike upon a vein of genuine Shakespeare!"

1. *this great vast*:—It should be remembered that Pericles is supposed to speak from the deck. Lychorida, on whom he calls, is supposed to be in the cabin beneath.

30 *et seq.* A part of this most Shakespearian passage is found in Wilkins's novel. The words in italics will show that one of the Poet's most characteristic expressions has been lost out of the text: "*Poor inch of nature!* quoth he, thou art as rudely welcome to the world, as ever princess' babe was; and hast as chiding a nativity, as fire, air, earth, and water can afford thee."

35. *Thy loss*, etc.:—That is, "thou hast already lost more, by the death of thy mother, than thy safe arrival at the port of life can requite, with all to boot that we can give thee." *Portage* is here used for *conveyance* into life.

75, 76. *Thither, gentle mariner*, etc.:—Change thy course, which is now *for Tyre*, and go to *Tarsus*.

Scene II.

9. *Give this to the 'pothecary*, etc.:—The recipe cannot be for the servant's master. It must be either for the servant himself, or for the poor men who here leave the stage.

67. *Apollo, perfect me,* etc.:—He asks that Apollo may make him able to read it.

105. *What world is this*:—This is from the *Confessio Amantis*:—

> "And first hir eyen up she caste,
> And when she more of strength caught,
> Her armes both forth she straughte;
> Held up hir honde and piteouslie
> She spake, and said, Where am I?
> Where is my lorde? Ah! What worlde is this?"

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1 *et seq.* It has been remarked how this wicked foster-mother, hating Marina, corresponds to the wicked stepmother in *Cymbeline*, who hates Imogen.

4-6. *Let not conscience . . . too nicely*:—This passage, says White, is hopelessly corrupted.

17. *Shall, as a carpet, hang,* etc.:—That is, as drapery. Table-covers, and articles of like kind and use, were called carpets. Floors were covered with rushes.

52 *et seq. When I was born, the wind was north,* etc.:—"Most notable," observes Brandes, "is the preliminary sketch of the tempest which ushers in the play. Over and above the resemblance between the storm-scenes [in *Pericles* and *The Tempest*] we have Marina's description of the hurricane during which she was born (IV. i.), and Ariel's description of the shipwreck (*Tempest*, I. ii.)."

Scene II.

16. *Ay, to eleven,* etc.:—Brought them up to eleven years of age, and then brought them down again; that is, ruined them.

35. *keep our door hatched*:—This, says Hudson (Harvard ed.), "means *shut up shop*, or *give over our trade*."

114-116. *he will come in our shadow,* etc.:—The allusion is to the French coin *écus de soleil, crowns of the sun*. The meaning of the passage is merely this, that the French knight will seek the shade of their house to scatter his *money* there.

147, 148. *thunder . . . eels*:—Thunder was supposed to have the effect of rousing eels from the mud, and so rendering them more easy to take in stormy weather. Marston alludes to this in his *Satires*:—

> "They are nought but eeles, that never will appeare
> Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare
> Their slimy beds."

153. *virgin knot*:—The words *virgin knot* allude to the zone or girdle worn by maidens in classical ages, and which was untied by the husband at the wedding. The language here so charmingly used by Marina has its parallel in that employed by Prospero, referring to Miranda, in *The Tempest* (IV. i.); and these are the only two instances in which the allusion occurs in Shakespeare.

Scene III.

11. *If thou hadst drunk to him*, etc.:—That is, if you had tasted the cup first and been poisoned in pledging him. There is an implied allusion to the office of taster at royal tables in old times.

49, 50. "You are so affectedly humane, that you would appeal to Heaven against the cruelty of winter in killing the flies."

Scene IV.

18. *think his pilot thought*:—Clarke and White read, after the early copies, *this* instead of *his*. Clarke explains the passage thus: "Let your imagination conceive this thought that I suggest to you; and which, like a pilot, shall conduct and accompany Pericles on his sea-voyage." Its meaning as here given, concisely stated by Malone, is this: "Suppose that your imagination is his pilot."

20. Who has left Tarsus before her father begins his search for her.

31. *wit*:—Thus in Gower:—

> "In which the lorde hath to him writte,
> That he would understande and *witte*."

39. The author, as Mason explains, "ascribed the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in

her element; and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores."

Scene V.

Brandes, differing from many leading commenators as to the authorship of these parts of the play, remarks that this and the ensuing brothel scenes "do not give an intellectual equivalent for all that has been dared in order to produce them, but they bear witness to the desire Shakespeare felt of painting youthful womanly purity shining whitely in a very snake-pit of vice, and the spirit in which it is accomplished is that of both Shakespeare and the Renaissance."

Scene VI.

21. This is Justice Shallow's mode of asking the price of a different kind of commodity: "*How* a score of ewes now?"

53. *I desire,* etc.:—Brandes says: "The calm dignity of Marina's innocence has none of that taint of the confessional which was plainly obnoxious to Shakespeare, and which neither the mediæval plays before him, nor Corneille and Calderon after, could escape. Corneille's Theodora is a saint by profession and a martyr from choice. She gives herself up to her enemies at the end of the play, because she has been assured by supernatural revelation that she will not again be imprisoned in the house from which she has just escaped. Shakespeare's Marina, the tenderly and carefully outlined sketch of the type which is presently wholly to possess his imagination, is purely human in her innate nobility of nature."

97-99. *If you were born,* etc.:—The novel of Wilkins gives the following as Marina's speech on this occasion; and it is in such a strain that we cannot but regret not to see more of it in the play: "If, as you say, my lord, you are the governor, let not your authority, which should teach you to rule others, be the means to make you misgovern yourself. If the eminence of your place came unto you by descent and the royalty of your blood, let not your life prove your birth bastard: if it were thrown upon you by opinion, make good that opinion which was the cause to make you great. What reason is there in your justice, who hath power over all, to undo any? If you take from me mine honour, you

are like him that makes a gap into forbidden ground, after whom many enter, and you are guilty of all their evils. My life is yet unspotted, my chastity unstain'd in thought: then, if your violence deface this building, the workmanship of Heaven, made up for good, and not to be the exercise of sin's intemperance, you do kill your own honour, abuse your own justice, and impoverish me."

100. Lysimachus must be supposed to say this sneeringly: "Proceed with your fine moral discourse."

149, 150. Steevens thinks that there may be some allusion here to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius, and by Pliny. A skilful workman, who had discovered the art of *making glass malleable*, carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off immediately, lest his invention should have proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and other metals. The same story, however, is told in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

158. *rosemary and bays*:—Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture during the season of Christmas. The Bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.

184, 185. *a baboon*, etc.:—That is, a baboon would think his name dishonoured by such a profession.

ACT FIFTH.

23, 24. *Where what is done*, etc.:—Where all that may be displayed in action shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit.

Scene I.

80. Marina's song is thus given in the novel:—

"Amongst the harlots foule I walke;
Yet harlot none am I;
The Rose amongst the Thornes doth grow,
And is not hurt thereby,
The Thiefe that stole me sure I thinke,
Is slaine before this time.
A bawde me bought, yet am I not

Defilde by fleshly crime:
Nothing were pleasanter to me,
Then parents mine to know.
I am the issue of a King,
My blood from Kings dooth flow:
In time the heauens may mend my state,
And send a better day,
For sorrow addes unto our griefes,
But helps not any way:
Shew gladness in your countenance,
Cast up your cheerefull eies,
That God remaines that once of nought
Created Earth and Skies."

100, 101. This refers, apparently, to something not found in any printed copy of the play, perhaps to something lost from it. And afterwards, Pericles says to Marina, "Didst thou not say, *when I did push thee back . . .* thou camest from good descending?" Probably a good deal of the play as written never got into print: the broken and disordered state of the text shows that such is the case. In the *Confessio Amantis*, and in the *Painful Adventures*, the discovery of Marina is not made till Pericles has broken forth into violence against her person. Thus, in the former:—

"Bot as a madde man, atte laste
His hed wepyng awey he cast,
And half in wrath he bade here go:
Bot yit she wolde nouht do so;
And in the derke forth she goth
Til she hym towchith, and he wroth,
And after hire with his honde
He smote: and thus whan she hym fonde
Diseasyd, courtesly she seide,
Avoy, my lorde, I am a mayde;
And if ye wiste what I am,
And owte of what lynage I cam,
Ye wolde not be so salvage."

117, 118. *these endowments*, etc.:—The meaning is, these endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heightened by being in your possession: they acquire additional grace from their owner.

Scene III.

"At a somewhat earlier period," observes Brandes, "such a subject would have assumed, in England, the form of a *Morality*, an allegorical religious play, in which the steadfastness of the virtuous woman would have triumphed over *Vice*. At a somewhat later period, in France, it would have been a Christian drama, in which heathen wickedness and incredulity were put to confusion by the youthful believer. Shakespeare carries it back to the days of Diana: his virtue and vice are alike heathen, owning no connection with church or creed."

7. *silver livery*:—That is, her white robes of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity.

79. *make a star of him*:—This notion is borrowed from the ancients, who believed that they conferred divine honours and immortality on men by placing them "among the stars."

Questions on Pericles.

1. What was the contemporary judgement of this play?
2. Regarding the validity of its authorship, what was the opinion of the editors of the first Folio?
3. What portions, according to the weight of critical opinion, are ascribed to Shakespeare? Who were, conjecturally, his associates?
4. To what play of Shakespeare's does it bear some structural resemblances?

ACT FIRST.

5. Who was the historical Gower, and why was he selected to bear the part of the chorus in this play?
6. What part of the plot is revealed by the prologue? How does the action knit itself with the prologue?
7. How does Pericles speak after the first view of Antiochus's daughter? Is there here contained the crux of the drama entailing the expiatory part which follows; if so, give it a brief statement.
8. What is the reflection of Pericles after solving the riddle?
9. How does Pericles characterize the acts of kings who are impelled by their vices?
10. What respite is allowed Pericles? What figure shows the relationship of murder and lust?
11. How does Antiochus try to destroy Pericles?
12. In the opening speech of Sc. ii. does Pericles show only apprehension of Antiochus's spite?
13. In the relationship that exists between Pericles and Helicanus how is shown the converse of the relations already exhibited between Antiochus and his subjects?
14. What course does Pericles take to escape Antiochus?
15. What does Thaliard say (Sc. iii.) of kings' secrets? What bearing on the plot has this Scene?
16. Who are introduced in Sc. iv.? What purpose is there in the detailed description of affairs in Tarsus?

ACT SECOND.

17. What parts of the story are supplied by Gower and the Dumb Show? Comment on the dramatic anomaly of this device.

18. Analyze the invocation of Pericles at the opening of Sc. i and show wherein it is un-Shakespearian.

19. How does the conversation of the fishermen form a humorous counterpart to the theme of the plot? What insight into social custom in Elizabethan England does this Scene supply?

20. How is Pericles supplied with suitable apparel to appear before the court of Simonides?

21. How is the procession of knights arranged to form an effect of climax? How do the bystanders comment on the Sixth Knight?

22. What kinds of triumph does Pericles achieve in Sc. iii.? What is his reflection upon the scene before him? Does he in this reveal something of the process of expiation that the play is designed to show?

23. What is reported in Sc. iv. of Antiochus and his daughter? What is the state of affairs at Tyre during the absence of Pericles? What does this Scene show of his popularity?

24. By what device are the knights dismissed (Sc. v.) from the palace of Simonides in Pentapolis?

25. Did Shakespeare ever manage a wooing so bunglingly as that depicted in Sc. v., even considering the necessary compression of the episode to fit into the larger scheme of the drama? Is Simonides a real character?

ACT THIRD.

26. Indicate the design in employing an archaic form of certain words in the speech of Gower.

27. Compare the invocation of Pericles in Sc. i. with that at the opening of Act. I. Sc. i.

28. What superstition of the sailors provides for one of the principal episodes of the plot? Mention other plays in which Shakespeare has thus brought together the unrelated human elements of the plot.

29. Compare this storm-scene with that presented in *The Tempest*. Was this a "study" for the latter?

30. How does Pericles moralize these supreme disasters? Is the art in which this is done good or bad?

31. What personal facts concerning Cerimon are given in Sc. ii.?

32. Compare the treatment of the awakening of Thaisa with the same episode in other literatures, notably the Brunhilda of Wagner.

33. What philosophy does Pericles display (Sc. iii.) in the face of destiny? On what obligation does he rely in leaving Marina with Cleon?

34. What is the purpose of Sc. iv.?

ACT FOURTH.

35. How long a time elapses between the third and fourth Acts? What does Gower reveal as the basis for the subsequent action of the drama?

36. To what does Dionyza commit Leonine in Sc. i.?

37. How is Marina first introduced to speak for herself? What is her dominant note? In what does she suggest, and in what does she differ from, Perdita?

38. How does Dionyza lure Marina? Comment on the dramatic effectiveness of the rest of the Scene. Recall, if you can, how frequently Shakespeare has used the dramatic device of interposition at the crisis of an action.

39. Does Shakespeare ever deal in the peculiar kind of realism presented by the brothel-scenes of this Act?

40. Would his taste have been repelled by the materials of the scenes or by the way in which they are presented? With what redeeming quality would he doubtless have invested them had he chosen to work with the materials?

41. Compare Dionyza with Lady Macbeth and with the Queen in *Cymbeline*. What points of likeness and unlikeness are there in these three pictures of feminine depravity? Select such notes in this character as seem reminiscent of the earlier and prophetic of the later character.

42. Why has Shakespeare left this character incomplete? Do you recall any similar case in his dramas?

43. What is there defective in the psychology of Lysimachus and of Boult?

ACT FIFTH.

44. How is Marina's life spent after she escapes from the brothel?

45. In what condition of despair is Pericles presented in the fifth Act?

46. Of what does Lysimachus want assurance before offering his hand to Marina?

47. Compare the scene of recognition between Pericles and Marina with similar scenes, such, for example, as that in *Cymbeline*, and comment on the following qualities: reality; pathos; dramatic effectiveness.

48. Explain the music that Pericles hears in advance of the actual music produced according to the stage direction. What is its symbolic significance?

49. What direction does Pericles get from Diana?

50. Compare the recognitions in Sc. iii. with similar scenes in *The Winter's Tale*. Which is the more subtly conceived?

51. Fleay objects to the attribution to Shakespeare of that part of the play which deals with the nuptials of Marina on the ground that "he would not have married Marina to a man whose acquaintance she had first made in a public brothel, to which *his* motives of resort were not recommendatory, however involuntary *her* sojourn there may have been." Is it logical to argue this way, considering the moral anomalies of *Much Ado About Nothing* and of *Measure for Measure*?

52. The Gower speech with which the play ends accounts for the closing days in the life of Cleon and Dionyza. Does this sufficiently negative the assertion of incompleteness made in question 42?

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53. Give an account of the metrical peculiarities in this play; of the rhymed lines; of the double endings; of the Alexandrines and the short lines.

54. Resembling *The Winter's Tale* in some structural points, what by comparison does *Pericles* lack in skilful coördination of parts?

55. By what means is the dénouement effected?

56. What do you take to be the underlying philosophy of this play?